

The Family

THEY OF TOMORROW.

By Laurence Alma Tradema.

When the sun has left the hilltop
And the daisy fringe is furled,
When the birds from wood and meadow
In their hidden nests are curled,
Then I think of all the babies,
That are sleeping in the world.

There are babies in the highlands
And babies in the low,
There are pale ones wrapped in furry
skins
On the margin of the snow,
And brown ones naked in the isles
Where all the spices grow.

And some are in the palace
On a white and downy bed,
And some are in the garret
With a clout beneath their head,
And some are on the cold, hard earth
Whose mothers have no bread.

O little men and women,
Dear flowers yet unblown—
O little kings and beggars
Of the pageant yet unshown—
Sleep soft and dream pale dreams now,
Tomorrow is your own.

—Exchange.

THE CLUB THAT MOTHER JOINED.

"What do you think Mrs. Whitesides said about mother a few minutes ago?" said Belle, dropping into a chair to laugh. "She said, 'Belle Morton, your mother is the most pizen neat housekeeper in this town.' How is that for a compliment? I told her she'd think you were pizen neat if she had to take down six pieces of the washing and rehang them on a windy day as I had to this morning. Ugh! I can feel the wet things flapping around my head yet."

"I might get worse compliments," said Mrs. Morton with a smile.

"The last lecturer we had said women are slaves to system, mother. She talked so beautifully about having a soul above the common, every-day affairs that it would have done you good to hear her. After all, what difference does it make whether the washing is done on Monday or Saturday?"

"All the difference in the world, and when you keep house for yourself you will find that out, Belle."

"All the same I wish you would dress up more, mama," put in Anna, the eldest daughter. "Mrs. Clay is ten years older than you, but she dresses so stylishly that she attracts attention wherever she goes. Belle and I would willingly do more of the work if you would only take more time for higher things. John was wishing for a little help with his lessons the other day, but you were too busy making cookies to help him."

"I notice that my cookies are never wasted," said Mrs. Morton. "If people enjoy belonging to clubs and societies and wearing fine clothes I am glad they do, but I am old-fashioned enough to en-

joy housekeeping and visiting among my friends. John gets all the help that is good for him in his lessons."

"If you'd once belong to a club, mother, you would like the work very much," said Belle encouragingly.

"Yes, I have no doubt," said Mrs. Morton absently and then brightened as she folded her work. "I'm going right out to make a gingerbread for tea," she announced. "You children all like warm gingerbread and apple sauce."

She laid aside her work and presently from the big, tidy kitchen came sounds of quick beating in the yellow bowl and snatches of a favorite hymn. "Isn't that just like mother?" laughed Anna. "I do believe she thinks she's happier than if she belonged to the best club in the world."

"Dick Trent's mother was out to the game this afternoon," said John, helping himself liberally to the fragrant cake at the tea table, "and she was as much excited as the girls. Why don't you come some day, mother?"

"I think football is rough and brutal as you boys play it," said Mrs. Morton with decision. "I don't enjoy seeing a game where arms and legs are often broken."

"Mother is joined to her idols, John, so let her alone," said Belle lightly. "Anna and I have been trying to persuade her to join a club and enjoy life, but she will not listen."

The very next day a wonderful thing happened, for Mrs. Morton went out to spend the afternoon with an old friend and never got home till five o'clock. Belle was putting on the kettle and Anna setting the table when she walked in and announced, "I've joined a club."

"What club?" screamed both girls at once while Anna dropped a plate in her excitement.

"A lady organizer was at Mrs. Craft's this afternoon and she reorganized the old 'Don't Worry Club' that flourished some years ago," said Mrs. Morton, finding it hard not to say anything over the loss of her cherished plate. "I really believe I'm going to enjoy it just as you predicted. Don't look so grieved over the plate, Anna. There are other dishes in the stores."

"Wonders will never cease!" said Belle in awe when her mother went into her bedroom to take off her best hat. "I wonder who ever induced mother to do such a reckless thing?"

"What a blissful thing it is not to have mother look significantly at the things you don't pick up and put in their places," sighed John a few days later, kicking off his slippers in the sitting-room and elevating his feet to the lounge. "Actually I feel that we all ought to join the 'Don't Worry Club' for what it has done for us."

"Take your feet down at once and get those shoes out of here!" commanded Anna sharply. "Nell Banks and that stylish cousin of hers are coming up the walk and this room is a sight to behold."

"Take them into the parlor," retorted John, making no effort to move.

"Mother is taking a nap in there with

her oldest wrapper on. Quick! There is the bell now!"

John was indignantly hustled out of the room, but left one shoe behind in his haste. Belle swept as much of the disorder as possible under the lounge cover and lowered the shades, while her sister admitted the guests. As soon as the callers left both girls set to work to put the room to rights, but neither was in the best humor possible.

"I'm going for a walk, girls," said their mother, looking in before the task was completed. "If I am not back in time get anything you want for tea. I must see about some new clothes and take a long walk in the pure air. That is one of the duties of our club members. The lecturer said the way to keep our spirits tranquil was to spend as much time as possible in the air and I want to profit by her instructions. Don't go to any trouble with the cooking. Something simple is best for mind and body."

"We've had nothing much but bread and butter and fruit for a week," said Anna, looking over the supplies in the pantry. "I'm starved for something hot and appetizing. If you'll run to the market for chops I'll bake some muffins, Belle."

"Indeed I will," said her sister, putting on her hat. "It sounds all very well to talk about living close to nature, but somehow a hearty meal tastes good just the same."

It is one thing to go into a well ordered kitchen and devote one's whole energy to a certain dish and quite another to be responsible for the entire meal as Anna speedily found out. System had been thrown to the winds and the stove was redhot before all the ingredients had been gathered from cellar, pantry and kitchen cupboard for the muffins and creamed potatoes. John came in hungry and cross over a defeat at the ball park and growled out his opinion of two girls "who couldn't get a decent bite short of a whole day's cooking," so it was not a pleasant evening.

"I am afraid the chop is too badly burned for you to eat," said Anna when her mother strolled in to find supper half over. "I thought you must have stayed at Aunt Ida's and didn't save you anything."

"That doesn't make any difference," said Mrs. Morton placidly. "I did stop to see Auntie for a few minutes, but the baby was crying and she seemed actually provoked when I urged her to put aside her cares and go with me for a walk. I urged her to join our club, but when I remember how prejudiced I was I am not surprised that housekeepers refuse to belong. If they could only realize what it means to have one's soul above drudgery they would be anxious to join, but I suppose we must move slowly at first."

"Would you mind dusting the parlor this morning?" asked Anna after her mother had been a member of the 'Don't Worry Club' a few months. "I really don't believe I will have time to do it, mama."

"If I find time I shall be glad to do it,"